



## Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

### Recompense.

Sometimes the days are dreary and the sky is full of gloom;  
And sometimes the web gets tangled in life's ever busy loom,  
But I thank the Lord I'm living while the flowers are in bloom,  
And I hear my babies laughing in the morning.

Sometimes the load grows heavy and I bow beneath its weight;  
And sometimes the road grows rougher at a most alarming rate,  
But I thank the Lord I'm living and I wave my hand at fate,  
When I hear my babies laughing in the morning.

Sometimes the nights are weary and the shadows full of care;  
And sometimes I think I'm bearing more of trouble than my share,  
But I thank the Lord I'm living to enjoy a rapture rare—  
That of hearing babies laughing in the morning.

Sometimes I grow downhearted and my plans will all go wrong;  
And sometimes blue thoughts will gather in a swarming, nagging throng,  
But I thank the Lord I'm living and 'twill not be very long  
Ere I hear my babies laughing in the morning.

### The Negro Question.

"Say, boss; is dat watahmillion ripe?"

### Proprietor.

"Own any real estate?" queried the assessor.  
"Two achers, tooth and toe," replied the sufferer.

### Dealing in Futures.

"So you and Jack are engaged, are you? When will the engagement be announced?"  
"Just as soon as Jack finds it out."

### Agricultural.

"Hello!" said the old ox to the young one. "How do you feel today?"  
"I feel way up in gee," replied the junior ox.  
Whereupon the senior ox indulged in a merry haw haw.

### An Expert Opinion.

"Do you consider politics a dirty business?" we asked of Senator Grab-all.  
"Well," replied the senator, gazing thoughtfully into space, "I've cleaned up a good deal in it."

### Those Little Brothers.

Little Willie (to sister's caller)—  
"Why, Mr. Thirstleigh, I thought you were in Europe."  
Mr. Thirstleigh—"What made you think that, Willie?"  
Willie—"Why night before last papa said you were half seas over, and I didn't think you had time to get back."

### The Secret Out.

"I hev diskivered," declared Fatigue Ferrars, rolling over out of the path of a straggling sunbeam, "why so many uv our successful financial magnates hev whiskers only on de side uv their faces."  
"Yep?" replied Bill the Tank, with an accent that demanded the rest of it.

"It's because dey shove themselves to th' front so fast dat they keep ahead uv de chin trimmin's."

### A Narrow Escape.

"Gee!" ejaculated Walker Knitt, rolling over with a groan. "Dat wuz de worst I ever had."  
"What's de matter, Walker?" queried his partner, Hunter Carr.  
"I dreamt dat a feller wuz insistin' dat I take a job in his soap factory, an' all dat saved me wuz de engine blowin' off steam. It woke me up."

### Financiertong.

Farmer Asede—"Hello, Sugarman; what's aigs wuth today?"  
Grocer Sugarman—"Eight cents a dozen."  
Asede—"An' what's spring chickens wuth?"  
Sugarman—"Two-fifty a dozen."  
Asede—"Git ap! So long, Sugarman. I'll take these aigs home an' come back tomorrer."

### A Puzzle.

"I'm longing," remarked the man on the end seat, "to have one mysterious thing explained to me."  
"Been trying hotel hash?" queried the would-be joker.  
"No. What I want explained is this: Why is it that when I am digging for bait I have to spade up about an acre, while I always turn out a million when I'm spading up a dinky little flower bed for my wife."

### Modern Definitions.

Trust—A necessary organization for mutual business protection.  
Labor Union—A traitorous organization for the purpose of loot.  
Tariff Revision—A promise-baited sucker trap.  
Water—A liquid compound intended for stock floating purposes.  
Traitor—One who thinks more of right than of expediency.  
Strenuous Life—Dodging duty.

### Failure.

Fired with zeal the missionary sought to bestow upon the heathen people the true civilization.  
"But we are already civilized," insisted the heathen.  
"How can that be?" queried the missionary.  
Beckoning him to follow, one of the heathens guided the missionary to a fire-scarred tree on the edge of the deep forest.  
"That," said the heathen leader, "is convincing proof that we are already civilized."  
But the missionary was nonplussed and asked for an explanation.  
"That's where we burned a man to death the other day," said the guide. "Tomorrow we meet in the grove to complete a deal whereby we sell our children to a man who is going to make things, and already we have benevolently assimilated a weaker tribe to the north and make them pay tribute to us."  
Realizing that he was indeed too late, the missionary departed for the coast.

### In 3903.

The archaeologist's spade struck something that gave forth a metallic sound and his soul was filled with glee.  
Dropping to his knees he pulled hurriedly at the soil.

What he saw thrilled him with delight, and calling his servants to his aid they soon uncovered a wide area.

It was strewn with human bones, bits of metal, parts of wheels, sections of rubber tube, metal tanks that gave off a peculiar odor, coiled springs and twisted steel wire.

"Aha!" shrieked the explorer.  
"What is it, boss?" queried one of the servants.

"A glorious discovery!" cried the wise man. "This is what the ancients called an automobile track, and it explains what they meant when they wrote and talked about 'race suicide.'"  
And a few weeks later various colleges conferred upon the great discoverer degrees that exhausted the entire alphabet.

### P. O. D.

The organs now strive to explain,  
Since Tulloch told his tale,  
A worried look is worn by Payne,  
Since Tulloch told his tale,  
The very dickens is to pay,  
And Perry Heath has sailed away;  
There's trouble down at Oyster bay,  
Since Tulloch told his tale.

G. O. P. organs have the blues,  
Since Tulloch told his tale,  
They're howling like the very deuce,  
Since Tulloch told his tale,  
They gaze in fear upon the rocks,  
And fear to meet some awful shocks  
That will remove their army sox,  
Since Tulloch told his tale.

The once proud ship has sprung new leaks,  
Since Tulloch told his tale,  
Its captain now in whispers speaks,  
Since Tulloch told his tale,  
She's drifting nearer to the beach,  
The helmsman stutters in his speech,  
And grafters have begun to "peach,"  
Since Tulloch told his tale.

### Brain Leaks

True charity entails sacrifice.  
Despair flees when Hope walks in.  
Envy is the full measure of small minds.  
If the home is right the boy is very apt to be.  
The easiest way to do a thing is usually the worst.  
A cheap politician is a dear investment for the people.

Giving the Lord lip service is adding to Satan's ammunition.

You can get very little good out of life until you put some in it.

Our children are mischievous; other's children are simply mean.

Our eccentricities are signs of boorishness when exhibited by others.

The man who waits for the last laugh often has to take it out in weeping.

Some business men take their troubles home with them, and their joys down town.

Some men emulate the foolishness of Solomon and imagine themselves to be as wise.

Pessimism consists in diligently searching for something you are afraid you will find.

We know of some singers who persist in cultivating voices that should be harvested.

It's all right to blow your own horn, providing you do not keep on forever blowing it in B flat.

"Cast your burdens on the Lord" does not mean that you are not to carry your joys to him, too.

Every man plays a foolish engage-

ment once in a while, and when he does it is usually in public.

The average man is quite certain he could make a fortune if some one would only give him a start.

The cistern into which nothing goes is soon pumped dry. The life into which no good is put never yields any good.

Somehow or other most of us never yet saw the baby that could say as smart things as we read in the newspapers.

Waves of reform, like waves from the ocean, may recede, but they always leave something worth keeping upon the beach.

Sometimes we see a boy acting like we did in our youthful days, and then we wonder how on earth it happened that we were allowed to live on.

One of the amusing things connected with the hot spell is to hear a man who don't know the difference between alfalfa and salsify say, "Purty hot, but mighty good corn weather."

### Books Received.

The World Which Now Is and the World to Come, including Bible Astronomy and the New Creation, by Eli J. Rogers, A. M., Woodland, Cal.; price 40 cents.

The Laborer and the Capitalist, by Freeman Otis Willey; published by the National Economic League, 13 Astor Place, New York.

Jesus and Modern Life, by M. J. Savage; published by George H. Ellis, 272 Congress st., Boston, Mass.

Four Great Questions, by Minot J. Savage; published by Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.; price 25 cents.

The Irrepressible Conflict Between Two World-Theories, by Rev. Minot J. Savage; published by Arena Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.; price 50 cents.

A Lily of France: A historical romance of the 16th century, by Caroline Atwater Mason; price \$1.10 net; post-paid \$1.25; published by the Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dickey Downy: The Autobiography of a Bird, by Virginia Sharpe Patterson; American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Wind Flower, by Caroline Atwater Mason; American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa.

Beautiful Joe, by Marshal Saunders; American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bub and Sis: A 20th century New England story, by Simon Durst; Woonsocket, R. I.

Unfrequented Paths: Sons of nature, labor and men, by George E. McNeill; published by James H. West Co., Boston, Mass.

Out of Kishineff, the Duty of the American People to the Russian Jew, by W. C. Stiles, B. D.; G. W. Dillingham, publishers, New York; \$1.20 net; postage 14c.

The Chieftains and Satires, by Valentine Brown, Portland, Ore.

Prince Hagen: A phantasy, by Upton Sinclair; L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

### The Negro in Georgia.

The attention of those hysterical individuals who assert that the negro is not well treated in the south is invited to the action of the Georgia legislature, which has just defeated a bill having for its object the separation of the school fund of the state in such a way that only money derived from taxes paid by negroes would be available for the support and maintenance of negro schools. The negroes pay an infinitesimally small portion of the tax and had the bill in question passed the schools for colored children would have been closed. The vote on the measure was 230 against and 59 for.—Houston Post.